3.

THE GRAND Defeat:

OR, THE *DOWNFALL* OF THE *S---d---an* PARTY.

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chace*: Or, *God Prosper long Our Noble King*, &c.

At last, with Malice in their Faces,
The Party rose from off their Places;
Each moving Brother next to Brother,
Like Wild Geese, after one another.

Hudibras.

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THE

Grand DEFEAT

OF THE

S-----d-----donian PARTY.

To the Tune of, *Chevy-Chace*, &c.

SONG. VERSE I.

MARK well our ſad and diſmal Tale,
You Knights and Freemen all;
Our Party's broke, we have miſs'd Our Aim,
Within *St. Stephen's Wall.*

II.

To hunt Sir R—b—t down we try'd;
The Yelpings all prov'd vain;
Our ſtancheſt *Hounds* within the *Pack*
Can ne'er Riſe up again.

The

III.

The *Motion*'s mine, cries ſnarling *S*——*ds*,
Sir R——b——t I'll diſgrace ;
And vent my Rage through *thick and thin*,
Before I quit this Place.

IV.

Full fraught with Spleen, and ranc'rous Spite,
His Venom ſwiftly flew ;
That all *St. Stephen*'s Folk might know,
the Miſchief he would do.

V.

Inflam'd with Malice, he Clack'd on,
With Looks moſt wonderous ſad ;
'Till thoſe who heard his Clamourous Noiſe,
Declar'd him almoſt mad.

VI.

Then down he ſat in muddy Mood,
And blink'd his * Eyes about ;
And cruelly did fret, and foam,
When all the *Yea*'s march'd out.

* Mr. *S*——*ds*, remarkably odd in the Motion of his Eyes.

VII.

In furious Fume then up ſtarts *H——me*,
A well known *Factious Blade*;
Who, right or wrong, went headlong on,
For the *Motion S—ds* had made.

VIII.

And being ask'd his Reaſons, *Why*
He joyn'd in *Party* Brawl?
" Becauſe Our † *Motion-neers* can't *Riſe*,
" But by Sir R——b——t's *Fall.*

IX.

On *that* alone Our Hopes were fix'd:
But now, Ye Gods! we rue
The fatal Day, we vainly ſtrove,
Sir R——b——t to Undoe.

X.

The Numbers *Yea*, (ſad Sight to ſee,)
One even *Hundred* were;
With juſt *Six only*, more to tell;
Which made us ſtorm and ſtare.

† *Motion-neers.*—For the *Motion* 106. Againſt it 290. So that there was a Majority of 184 in Favour of Sir *R. W——le.*

Look

XI.

Look ſharp about, cry'd one and all,
Before they ſhut the Door: *
If ſo many *No*'s remain within,
We'll ne'er *return* † no more.

XII.

For as we've play'd Our Cards ſo bad,
(Roars each in doleful Dumps)
The *Nine* of *Diamonds* now's *Our Curſe*,
W—lp—le has all the Trumps.

XIII.

Thus ſtands, alaſs! Our *Patriot* Caſe,
Tho' much what we deſerve;
For puſhing hard a *Great Man*'s Fall,
Ourſelves alone to *Serve*.

XIV.

Our *Country*'s Cauſe, and *Publick* Good,
Was all along our Cant.
But now, alaſs! we have plainly ſhown,
What in our *Hearts* we meant.

* Upon Diviſions the Doors of the Houſe are ſhut, 'till the *Yea*'s or *Nay*'s are Counted in again.

† *Return* no more. — Alludes to the *Seceſſion*.

Great

XV.

Great *W—alp—le*'s Downfall was our Drift,
That we might gain our *Ends*;
But by this laſt malicious Step,
We have made his *Foes* his *Friends*.

XVI.

Learn then from hence, *True Britons* all;
And keep it well in Store;
Never be Gull'd, or give your *Votes*
For ſuch FALSE PATRIOTS more.

FINIS.

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*.

XV.

Great W——'s Downfall was our Drift,
That we might gain our Ends;
But by this last malicious Step,
We have made his Foes his Friends.

XVI.

Learn then from hence, True Britons all;
And keep it well in Store;
Never be Gull'd, or give your Votes
For such FALSE PATRIOTS more.

FINIS.

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.